

# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



ROUND THE GARDEN.

## LAURA LOFT.

A TALE OF WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

BY MRS. PROSSER.

CHAPTER XXV.—FACING THE RIGHT WORK THE RIGHT WAY.

THE letter which Mr. Loft, in his improved state of mind, wrote to his daughter, had just been delivered at Rosemary Hill, when one from her was put into his hands.

No. 1145.—DECEMBER 6, 1873.

"This is highly gratifying!" he exclaimed—"highly gratifying!—I am glad—very glad that I was right in the estimate I made from the first of that girl! A fine, noble character she is!—subject to being misled by a wrong impulse; but who is perfect?"

Mrs. Loft read the letter with the usual mingling of feelings respecting her daughter.

"You see she is pained at the distress she has been the cause of to me—(us—at least)—and wishes to

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make all the amends in her power, and admit all her ingratitude for my goodness to her, and so on."

"Yes," said Mrs. Loft, revolving in her mind how she should provide for Tommy's future safety from over-study.

"And how nicely she adverts to the boy!"

"Yes, poor little dear!" said Mrs. Loft, with a sigh.

"Admirably expressed! She has the finest turn for composition—high, elegant, chaste, musical—nothing wanting;—how glad I am that she has my letter now! Her mind will be at ease, and my forgiving spirit and generosity will wholly subdue her. My dear—I will fetch her!" he cried; "prepare my portmanteau, I will go at once to Rosemary Hill!"

Pack his portmanteau! when was Mrs. Loft found averse to that labour of love? He who knows the relief of taking off a tight shoe will understand her ready obedience to a command that delivered her from a pressure that nearly benumbed her faculties, and made life to her a weary and perplexing wilderness, except where little Tommy's love scattered flowers, or made a green spot for rest, or shed light on the path.

To be sure the pressure was to return, and with it, she knew not what; she had no confidence in Laura's reformation, and the combined dominion of her and her father over her defenceless darling (for how could *she* shield him?) was too much to contemplate. Happily, Mrs. Loft, with an exceptional glance at the future and shudder for what it might bring, lived in the present; so, as she put the things into the portmanteau, she rejoiced in the week, at least, of peace that lay before her.

Now, here is a puzzling question. Mr. Loft did not beat his wife, he did not starve her, he did not restrain her personal freedom, he did not confiscate her property; yet he made her as miserable as if he had done all these things.

She had nothing to complain of that the law could remedy, nor, if the laws were amended to the extremest limits the Canadian or any one else might require, could one be made that would operate on cases such as hers. The only cure must be looked for in the implantation of the principle that overcomes selfishness and reforms temper, and gives a true sense of responsibility and duty. Not a tithe of the marriages that take place could take place if men and women chose their partners with reference to this rule. Rich, handsome, clever, agreeable, these points are looked to; but that which contains the secret of true matrimonial happiness is overlooked; therefore, if the House of Commons were filled with women, or their representatives, Parliament could not pass Acts insuring the immunity of wives from tyranny such as Mrs. Loft endured, nor from the hen-pecking that had embittered the early married life of Mr. Peckchaff.

While Mr. Loft was congratulating himself on the recovery of his lost daughter, she was considering the proposed settlement to be made on her, and debating whether she would accept it. Her uncle and aunt both inclined to favour her doing so. Mr. Peckchaff, although he thought an eldest son ought to have the means of holding his position as such, or the old families of England must speedily die out, being unrepresented, yet felt the injustice of robbing other children unduly to enrich one, and said he saw nothing but what was quite fair in the arrangement. And Mrs. Peckchaff, who, like her mother, did not

pin entire faith on Laura's reformation, thought it was no bad thing for her to have the means of separation if Hurley proved too much for her, while the knowledge that she was thus free to follow her inclinations would keep Mrs. Loft in a more circumspect state; her opinion of the husband's constancy in a good way being equally feeble.

Laura had received another letter; it was from Myrtle, giving her the full particulars of the Beverleys, and of Aline's delight in looking for a free Canadian life, and of Mr. Graham's strong sense of gratitude to her and his expression of it to Mr. Grey; with whom, she said, Charles Leporel had told them he had had arguments about the laws (Myrtle couldn't say which in particular), and that the old lawyer could not answer him in respect of several things; and that Carlton had called on Mr. Grey since and talked about it; and they had agreed that, on the whole, the Canadian was not far wrong. She also told her that poor Sir Antony Mildwater was in a dying state, and that Clara had written to beg some uncle of his, who lived near Rosemary Hill, to visit him, adding, "I wish, dear, if you are able, you would come with him; Clara says he is very fond of you, and so he would take care of you; and I am sure Mr. Graham would be so glad to see you. Charles showed him a very nice sketch he had made of you from memory, and he was so pleased with it; and Aline would be delighted to say how much she thinks of your kindness to her before she sails, and Carlton will be very happy, he says, to see you."

"No!" said Laura to herself, laying the letter down, "no!" and though her heart throbbed with unutterable pleasure to find that she was neither forgotten nor despised where she most prized an honoured remembrance, she resolved that she would not again expose herself to an ordeal which she knew her powerlessness to pass through.

"He liked my face; it is as an artist that he has preserved it; no, in a life of sober self-devotion, such as that 'Queen of Sheba' described, I will try to find happiness. After all, I know him only superficially; as he advances in life things not yet apparent may come out in him. Marriage is an irremediable thing. Look at my father and mother; and look even at my dear uncle; and look at Myrtle and Mr. Davenant." She would but a short time before have said "her tyrant," but his kind invitation, which she knew the truthful Myrtle would not have added but by his direction, had softened her feelings towards him.

Thus armed, she replied to Myrtle's letter with many expressions of unchanged affection: told her of her future plans, of her father's generous conduct, and of her hope that her life to come might be more beneficial to the cause, as dear to her heart as ever, than her former ill-digested experiment, begun in haste and ending in failure, had ever promised to be.

As she sat in the study with her uncle, waiting for her father's arrival, she said something about her reluctance to accept his proposed provision. Mr. Peckchaff thought it a matter of little importance. "If you can be happy at Hurley, my dear, you will not want it; if you cannot, why it will enable you to seek another home," he said.

"I do not expect to be happy there," she said, "not from what Hurley can furnish of happiness; it's of no use to deceive myself in thinking so. The only happiness I can look for is in the conquest of myself; yes, uncle, myself!" she said, with a sadness that much affected him.

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"A life of self-denial, my dear, is a happy one in the midst of its toils; our happiness is not in the hands of others, though much of our comfort is," he said.

"I think I shall do if I make use of that good lady's speech at the Port Ockery meeting as my textbook, uncle," she said.

"I don't remember it, my dear, though I thought it good when I heard it; but human prescriptions are like human laws, and all things human, imperfect. Take a better and shorter text: 'Lord, teach me Thy way.' Send up that petition honestly day by day, and you will be guided and strengthened, depend on it."

"Uncle," said Laura, with much feeling and some confusion, "I have been most unhappy for a long time. I know why you are happy, and I would give worlds to be like you; but I cannot. I have tried to pray, but I cannot. Until lately I did not know how to love a fellow-creature. I am sure I do not love God, then how can I pray to him?"

"My dear girl, this is the old mistake; do not think you *can take love to God*, you must *fetch it from him*. Our Saviour says, 'Ask, and ye shall receive;' ask for love, and you shall have it."

"Laura, my dear, the chaise is coming up the drive. Look pleased to see your father, if you can. I mean, I hope you will show him you don't dislike going back," cried Mrs. Peckchaff, coming in hastily, and in her earnestness to help her niece, suffering a struggle between her natural candour and her desire that the path homeward should be smoothed so far as it could be.

Laura passed her without a word, to take refuge in her room for a few minutes; her uncle followed her with his eyes.

"Poor thing!" said his wife, "she is truly sorry to leave us, I believe. I never saw any one so improved as she is. If Thomas Loft doesn't behave properly to her, she shall come here again (for a visit now and then, I mean, *not to live*, you know); but she should not have gone away, she should have waited to receive her father."

"I believe, my dear wife, she has gone to recover herself that she may receive him properly," said Mr. Peckchaff.

Mrs. Peckchaff looked staggered for a moment. Would a young Peckchaff need to do that kind of thing to meet her or her husband properly? No! but she had begun to learn that "she and hers" were no rule for "the world and theirs," and she had also learned to reverence her husband's good sense, and to wish she had more of it.

When they both went out to meet Mr. Loft at the door, they found Laura coming down the stairs, and she stood between them to give the welcome.

No one could suffer from sentiment when in company with Mr. Loft. He was capable of giving commonplace pleasure, stirring up anger, irritating the temper, and inspiring dislike and contempt; but his face, his voice, his air, his carriage, gave a death-blow to sentiment at once.

So far he suited Mrs. Peckchaff. She had not anticipated a scene, so she was quite satisfied with his reception of Laura, and his behaviour to them. Mr. Peckchaff had been rather nervous for his niece, and his wife had inwardly trembled at the possible change of his manner to her, after all that had passed, but they both subsided into a calm at his first glance and accents. He had not been two

minutes in the study before Mrs. Peckchaff informed him she had put off the washing week on purpose that he might pass a pleasant few days with them, so as to give Laura plenty of time to pack up and make a farewell visit to her doctor at Port Ockery; for, since the dinner-party, Dr. Valette had risen enough in her good opinion to make her tolerate him as not altogether mad, nor even quite cracked, only a little odd, and certainly very fond of her husband and his niece.

Mr. Loft soon felt the improvement in his daughter, and presumed on it to speak constantly of Tommy and what he expected her to make him, to the great trial of her temper and newly-formed resolutions. If her uncle had not often interposed, either to change the subject or soften the unpleasant tone in which it was dwelt on, she would certainly have broken down more than once. But with good Mr. Peckchaff's help, and that still more effectual of a better principle, which, though feeble in degree, was in its nature mighty, she got through the week in a way that surprised her aunt, who told her husband privately that she thought Laura gave way to Thomas Loft's arrogant hectoring too much, and that as he found she let go, he would take on, till he would at last drive her from Hurley again. The last evening came. Mr. Loft was walking round the garden with Mrs. Peckchaff, to see the effects of her management, which he frequently complimented her on in a tone so pompous that it cost her something to receive it with civility. She had drawn him away now, that her husband and his niece might have a short time together of uninterrupted intercourse.

Laura said that although she saw clearly she ought to return home, it was a grief to her that she would not be able to do anything more for those whose emancipation and well-doing she still earnestly desired.

Mr. Peckchaff told her he doubted if she would not more effectually aid the cause than she could do if she were head of a lady's college or an advocate for the sex in the House of Commons. "For see," he said, "the little child, your brother, is put into your hands; from what I have seen and heard of him, he is of a nature so plastic, that under your moulding he may turn out an exemplary character, calculated to discharge well all the relative duties. Thus you will have saved women from *one* tyrant, and will have launched on society a source of blessing incalculable; his example and influence will, remember, reach widely round him, and extend to generations to come—if such are to come."

"Yes, I see," said Laura, "you are right; and, after all, this silent, unknown work, unpaid by public praise and admiration, is more noble, isn't it, dear uncle?"

"Yes, my dear, especially if it looks for the only 'recompense of reward' worth working for," he replied.

Greatly cheered and strengthened was Laura when her father and aunt returned to the room with Dr. Valette, whom they had found in the yard, getting out of a fly from the Golden Horseshoe. He saluted Mr. Loft, when he heard who he was, with much ceremony, and inquired after Laura, hoping he should find her there.

"I heard you had paid a visit to my house the other day, but I was away. Never mind, I am at home now!"

Laura was honestly glad to see him, the tedium of



the evening would be greatly relieved; she gave him a hearty welcome, so did Mr. Peckchaff. Mr. Loft, in his usual style, stood with his back to the fire and his hands behind him, and looked with dignified complacency on the friendly pleasantries between the doctor—whom he had heard of as a rare virtuoso, a man eminent for power and acquirements—and his daughter.

"Now, madam," said the doctor to Mrs. Peckchaff, "where do you think I have been?"

Mrs. Peckchaff, who had placed his chair, before he sat down, on the crumb-cloth, looked vexedly at his wriggling motion, which was rapidly bringing it on to the carpet, and asked how she could tell.

"I have been," said the doctor, looking first at her and then at the ceiling, but not at Laura—"I have been to see the little widow, and her fine, good brother."

No remark being made on this, he added,—

"Talk of the improvements of this age, I hate them!—detest them! Oh, that we could go back to the days of our ancestors, who were able to live in peaceful ignorance of what went on in the next county till a stout pair of legs brought them news a week or two after. Now if the north pole winks, the south pole knows it before it can find time to wink again; there is no such thing as 'calm repose or quiet shade,' as the privilege of doing, thinking, or speaking anything, without its flying abroad as if it had been born with wings."

Mr. Loft pulled up his shirt collar; he felt that he ought to reply to this attack on "the advance of the age," his favourite subject.

"I was standing at my door, considering where to go first," the doctor began again, regardless of what Mr. Loft's sentiments might be, and giving him no time to express them, "when a fellow put that ghastly thing, a telegram, into my hands. I hate them! I would rather have a grip from the ugliest mummy any day than be startled with these paper spectres. The penny post is bad enough—too bad; brings one hosts of rubbish and troubles every day—but then one looks for that nuisance; but to have one's breath knocked out of one's body by 'a piece of yellow jaundice' containing some catastrophe or command to be, to do, or to suffer—it's the acme of misery!"

"Ahem!—I consider the telegraph one of the noblest discoveries of the age, apologising for differing from such an authority," said Mr. Loft, with a stately bow, and looking round on Laura and Mr. Peckchaff for their approval.

"Discovery, sir! go and ask my mummy, he will tell you there is nothing new under the sun. Every now and then we get a resurrection of long-buried applications of science, and we call these discoveries!" said the doctor.

"I apprehend the Egyptians were *not* acquainted with the art of telegraphic communication," said Mr. Loft, rising higher and bowing still more stiffly.

"Pooh, nonsense!" cried the doctor, "they were more sensible and gentlemanly than we are; they allowed life to go on with grave decency, not to be rattled along over the stones as if everybody's houses had run away with them. They knew everything that we know, and as much again; but never mind them. This telegram called me to see Tony; it was from the widow. She says, 'Come to Sir Antony Mildwater, he is dying!' So I went."

"And was he dying?" asked Laura.

"No child; but I was, nearly, when I got there.

It was a woman's message; I might have known what to expect."

"Clara is not given to over-colour," said Laura.

"She is very correct and sober, my dear, *for a woman*; but women, as a rule, are made of touch-paper. But never mind them now, I am glad I went, they are all nice people there. Poor Tony is a wreck! I am going to have him at Port Ockery to divert his thoughts, poor lad! and this child's friend, the little widow's brother, means to bring him. She has so captivated him with her description of 'Port Ockery tiles,' and—" (here he paused, making a quizzical, gallant bow to her)—"of Mrs. Peckchaff, that he was impelled to come. Yes, to-night they sleep at the Golden Horseshoe."

"I am sorry," Mr. Loft said, with his usual pomposity, "that we shall not be able personally to thank the gentleman for his kindness to Miss Loft, who, I am sure, properly appreciates it. Perhaps you will be good enough to thank him for us?"

"No, I won't; you must do it yourselves," said the doctor.

"But, my dear sir, we leave for Hurley to-morrow," said Mr. Loft, with a dignified air.

"Not if I know it! You will dine with me and my friends at the Horseshoe—you, and this child, and Mr. and Mrs. Peckchaff," said the doctor, with decision, and taking a great pinch of snuff from his pocket.

"Doctor!" exclaimed Mrs. Peckchaff, who had been less interested in what he said than in watching what he was doing, and could not any longer restrain her vexation, "I put your chair on the crumb-cloth, but you have worked it on to the carpet, and now you are going to poison us as you did before! I assure you that, for a week after you dined here, Dorcas never touched the carpet with her broom but we smelt snuff all over the house, and went about sneezing as if we had bad colds."

"But you *hadn't* bad colds; and your whole household got snuff gratis for a week, yet you don't look grateful!" said the doctor, calmly taking his pinch and shaking his head at her.

"Our visit to you, sir, is out of the question, much as I regret to say so; and, thanking you for your polite invitation," said Mr. Loft, "I speak for myself and my daughter."

"I tell you the dinner is ordered; the cook at the Horseshoe is on her mettle, for I have published the fame of Mrs. Peckchaff—who, if she liked snuff and wouldn't scold, would be a perfect woman. And you are a man of learning, philosophy, archæology, and science universal and taste refined; surely you won't go away without seeing the wonders of Port Ockery, from its tiles to my mummy!"

Mr. Loft was tickled with two straws; any flattery was sweet to him, and he had a weakness for good dinners—such as one at a hotel promised to be. He looked dubious; the doctor saw it, rose, waved his hand, and cried, "Victory! Be there by three. Madam, I promise to keep to the crumb-cloth evermore if you honour me with your company; your husband cannot stay behind you, and this child, I know, will like to see poor Tony before she goes away."

"What is to be done?" asked Mr. Loft, as the doctor's fly drove away.

"You must go, as the dinner's ordered; and Walter can go, can't you?" said Mrs. Peckchaff to her husband.

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Mr. Peckchaff looked with a questioning air at Laura, who was very pale, but calm and resolute. He did not understand her hesitancy, but his wife was keener-eyed.

"No! I am sure *she* means," said Mrs. Peckchaff; "and as to my going, of course that is nonsense! Laura has too much sense to tire herself the day before she goes home, and I have plenty to do to prepare for the wash. As the man will have to pay for a dinner, you ought to go and eat it—it's sure to be good at the Horseshoe!"

"I agree with your wife," said Mr. Loft, with an air of mild solemnity, as if propriety, not the promise of the dinner, had influenced him.

"Then so must I! But I doubt if we shall be as acceptable to the doctor as we should be if we brought the ladies," said Mr. Peckchaff.

### SOME CURIOSITIES OF PICTURE-MAKING.

WE can recall the time when the pictorial productions of art which are now so plentiful were exceedingly scarce, and were in a great measure shut out from the common people, who, however, from their ignorance of what constitutes art, and their consequent lack of appreciation, did not much feel their loss. A taste for art had to be created before any general demand for it could arise. The first man who touched the right chord, and really aroused the popular feeling on this score, was undoubtedly Hogarth. But his admirable engravings were not cheap, considering the value of money in his day; and as a rule they found their way, not into the hands of the common people, but rather into the portfolios of collectors and connoisseurs. The people would crowd round the shop-windows to enjoy the sight of them, but could not afford to buy them. Still less could they become the possessors of the engraved works (published about the same time) of Reynolds, Gainsborough, and others, which, mostly executed in mezzotint, with but a limited number of impressions, became the property of the moneyed classes. The works of George Morland, reproduced in large numbers, and less expensively engraved, circulated more freely, and perhaps their general diffusion tended as much as anything to foster the now rising fondness for the productions of the artist.

It was natural enough that as people began to like pictures, they should show a decided preference for colour over mere form, outline, and light and shade. Colour pleases the untaught eye, and will always be the chief attraction to those not accustomed to look deeper than the surface of things. As art began to be popular the demand arose for coloured pictures, and two rather remarkable methods of producing and multiplying them were invented (if invention such methods can be called) about the close of the last century. By one of these methods, which originated in the Potteries, small oil-paintings on glass were produced with great rapidity and ease, and by the other, paintings of all sizes, from two square feet or less to fifteen or twenty, were produced mechanically, and at a comparatively small expense. It is sometimes stated that both these methods of making pictures are lost arts. But that is not the case; they are rather abandoned arts, which have been thrust aside simply because other and better

methods of multiplying pictures were ready to take their place. We shall say a few words on each of these forsaken processes.

The paintings on glass were effected by transferring an engraved picture from the paper on which it was printed to the glass surface—an operation which must have been suggested to the inventor (who was a potter) by the process employed by potters for transferring patterns to earthenware. The picture which is intended to become a glass-painting is an aquatint or mezzotint engraving, printed on very thin paper, with a peculiar kind of ink that does not too readily dry. The square or parallelogram of glass which is to receive the picture, being first well cleaned, is thoroughly brushed over with a coating of turpentine varnish—a varnish which dries, or rather "sets," very quickly. Upon this coating of varnish the print is laid carefully, face downwards, and the back of it rubbed with the palm of the hand until the picture in every part adheres to the glass. In this state the pictures can be left as long as the operator chooses—an hour, or a month, or more—but at the expiration of an hour he may proceed to rub off the paper from the glass by means of a damp sponge. The paper, being absorbent and flimsy, comes away in shreds easily enough, but the ink remains on the coating of transparent varnish, showing, if held over a white ground, like the impression of an engraving on glass. The next step is to colour the print and make it in fact an oil-painting. This is done with an ease and celerity, looking to the results, which are almost ridiculous. The picture is placed upright against the light, and the operator, having prepared his pots of fluid colour (but not too fluid), lays on the several tints. Any carefulness in this part of the business, beyond that required for covering the prescribed spaces, would be thrown away, as all the shading is already done by the engraving, and nothing more than the local colour is wanting, or indeed is practicable. The subjects of the pictures, for obvious reasons, are generally simple, requiring but few colours. Most of them were Scripture subjects, single heads of saints, or historical scenes in which two or three figures made up the tableau. The designs were generally original, being made to meet the necessities of the manufacture.

The reader would hardly suspect how rapidly these once popular pictures could be produced. It is a fact that hundreds of them could be turned out by a couple of industrious hands in a day; and, indeed, they ought not to have cost much labour, seeing that their price to the retailers varied from eight or nine to fifteen or sixteen shillings a dozen, according to their size. Some of our older readers will remember these pictures, in their glittering lacquered frames, as forming part of the wares of Cheap Jack and the travelling pedlars; and there must be many of them still existing, notwithstanding their fragile constitution, in remote villages, farm-houses, and labourers' cottages—though we have looked for them in vain for years past in the cheap picture markets of London. Less than forty years ago there were several manufactories of this strange kind of art in central and eastern London, and we have over and over again witnessed admiringly the whole process above briefly described; and we never did witness it—be it said by the way—without a strong conviction that in careful and clever hands it might have led to admirable results.

About the same time that the glass-paintings first appeared, a man of the name of Booth, a fellow of boundless self-esteem, invented, or at least brought out, a new method of manufacturing oil-paintings, to which art or method he gave the name, at first of Polliaplasmos, afterwards of Polygraphy. This method was as much, or rather more, a mystery as the glass-painting, and the professor, who trumpeted his discovery far and wide, took especial care to let no one into his secret. The pictures he produced, however, were not really oil-paintings in the sense in which the term is generally understood—the vehicle used not being oil, but some species of size. They looked like oil-paintings—were often to some extent rough with colour standing up from the surface—and they would bear coating with varnish. Most of them would be thought even now fair furniture pictures, and some of them when first done must have been really admirable. But the years which would have given tone and mellowness to oil-paintings ruined the polygraph: exposed without the protection of glass, it grew dirty, and when handed over to the restorer to be cleaned, resolved itself into a smudge under his treatment. The writer has had at various times many of them in his possession, but could never succeed in making a single one of them a whit better for any trouble bestowed on it. Not a few of the polygraph pictures were landscapes of the Richard Wilson type; others were evidently from designs by Paul Sandby—and these latter resembled water-colours rather than oil-paintings. How were these pictures manufactured, so as to be sold, as they were sold, at a low price? Printing them was out of the question, as there were no printing-presses of any description then in existence half large enough for the work—some of the pictures we have seen measuring as much as five feet by four. From careful examination of one submitted to our inspection but the other day, we have been led to the conclusion that the polygraphic pictures were done by repeated stencillings of one tint over another, by means of stencilling-plates, probably formed of tough, thin, pliant cartridge. The picture under examination is about four feet by three; the subject is a Welsh landscape, in which the composition is good though simple, the drawing is bold and free, while the distance is full of feeling and tenderness. Originally it may have passed for an oil-painting, but some five-and-twenty years ago the possessor sent it to be lined and restored, and the result was almost total ruin.

We suspect there are comparatively few of the once wonderful polygraphs now in existence. About thirty years ago there was a sudden irruption of a flood of them into the London auction rooms, where they were all bought up by the low-class dealers, who, it is to be imagined, in their industrious attempts to restore them, rubbed and scrubbed them out of existence. It would be interesting to know (if these pictures were really stencilled) whether Mr. Booth was the inventor of stencilling. That useful art was first brought in, with the idea that it must supersede wall-papering, about the year 1811 or 1812: it seems not improbable that the magniloquent Booth had by that time descended from his altitudes, and by adapting his discovery to a useful purpose had turned it to profitable account.

Photography, which has done so much for multiplying and circulating the human face divine, has

not done very much towards furnishing our wall-space with pictures—has indeed done less by a good deal than might have been reasonably expected. It was almost a pity that the art of printing photographs on paper was discovered so soon as it was. There is no comparison in point either of detail in matters of minutiae, or tenderness in distance, between a good positive on glass and a print of the same subject from a negative. The former is vastly superior to the latter, and, for mechanical reasons, which it is unnecessary to enter into, must ever continue so. The advantages of printing are of course obvious, seeing that from a single negative, so long as it escapes accident, any number of copies can be taken; the disadvantage is found to be, that the multiplication of copies decreases their individual value. Persons of taste pride themselves on possessing originals, and do not care to hang on their walls a picture of which a hundred, or a thousand, other people possess an exact facsimile. This could never be the case with a glass positive, which would therefore take rank as an original picture and not as a copy. But few photographers, and none of those, so far as we know, who make a trade of it, have paid much attention to the improvement or perfecting of glass pictures—simply because it pays them better to multiply prints. We have a notion, however, that it might be well to try back, and that there is really a promising field for experimenting in this direction.

At present there is a good deal of careful, patient industry exercised in colouring photographs of all conceivable subjects, both in oil and water-colours, with results in some cases excellent, and in others such as we are not called upon to criticise. We should like to see some of this patient endeavour applied to the glass pictures. The several directions in which experiment seems to be invited, are: First, the proper selection or manufacture of the glass used, which might be perfectly colourless plates—or plates coloured with flesh or other tints—or plates partially coloured to suit the subjects to be delineated. Secondly, experiments with the collodion, to ascertain how far it might be possible to saturate that with colour either before or after it is deposited on the plate: some colours—carmine for instance—have most wonderful tenuity, and with such the experiments would in the first instance be most hopefully made. Thirdly, experiments with the backing to the picture, which backing it is that forms the colour of the shadows. In portraits the black backing imparts a deadly hue to the face, and not unfrequently a diseased look to the eyes. Surely there would be no great difficulty in conquering this defect by a backing that should impart something like warmth to the features. The grand difficulty would be, of course, in dealing with the light parts of the picture, but that difficulty will be overcome in time.

What we have sometimes looked forward to as the eventual results of experiments in these and other directions, is the production by some man of genius (which means perseverance) of exquisitely coloured heads rivalling the best enamels in brilliancy, and far exceeding them in fidelity to nature, and of landscapes no less admirable. There would be no difficulty in preserving such pictures were they once produced; they could be cemented to the solid crystal blocks now so plentiful, and thus, embedded like flies in amber, would endure for centuries.

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## THE CHARTERHOUSE.

BY JOHN TIMBS.

I.

THE history of this noble foundation dates from early in the seventeenth century, when Sutton's Hospital was established; but the site had been more than two centuries occupied by monks of the Carthusian order, until the dissolution of the monastery and its subsequent occupation by those wealthy noblemen who converted the building into a palatial residence. The general history of the place is, therefore, divided into that of the old monastic foundation, and that of the hospital and school. First, of

## THE CARTHUSIAN MONASTERY OF LONDON.

The appropriation of the present site of the Charterhouse to purposes of religion began with the provision made by Ralph Stratford, Bishop of London, in the year 1349, for the interment of the dead in a time of general pestilence. That prelate bought three acres of land, "No Man's Land," enclosed it with a wall, and erected a chapel in which masses were said for the repose of the dead. This was called Pardon Chapel, and the burial-ground Pardon Churchyard. It abutted upon the north wall of the garden of the monastery, and extended from St. John Street to Goswell Street, where in Aggas's plan, about 1580, there were only two houses beyond the monastery, and the road is simply indicated as "from St. Alban's." The churchyard is described by Stow as serving "for burying such as desperately ended their lives, or were executed for felonies, who were fetched thither usually in a close cart, payled over, and covered with black, having a plain white cross thwarting, and at the fore-end a St. John's cross without, and within a bell ringing by shaking of the cart, whereby the same might be heard when it passed; and this was called the Friary Cart, which belonged to St. John's, and had the privilege of sanctuary."

About the same time Sir Walter Manny\* purchased from the master and brethren of the Hospital of St. Bartholomew a field of thirteen acres and one rood, called the Spittle Croft, in which, as is recited in his charter of foundation (still preserved in the evidence-room of the Charterhouse), more than 50,000 persons were buried in the time of the pestilence; and Stow records having seen and read an inscription on a stone cross in the same churchyard, certifying the above number of burials, which Camden states at "no less than 60,000 of the better sort of people." Sir Walter also erected a chapel in the Spittle Croft, which occupied the space between the boundary-wall of Charterhouse churchyard (now called Charterhouse Square) on the south. Twenty-two years elapsed before Sir Walter founded the monastery; and in the interval he obtained the sanction of Pope Clement VI for the endowment of a college he purposed founding for twelve chaplains under a warden, by annexing to it three benefices, of the value of £100 per annum. Sir Walter, however, changed his mind, doubled the value of the benefices, and instead of the college proposed a double convent

of twenty-four Carthusian monks, in which he was joined by Northburgh, Bishop of London, who, dying, left money for the work, the sum being more than £2,000. The witnesses to the original charter of foundation were the Bishops of Ely and Lincoln; the Earls of Pembroke, Hereford, March, and Salisbury; the Mayor and the two Sheriffs of London, of whom William de Walworth was one. It seems that the whole site of the monastery was then enclosed by walls: three acres have not been identified; but Mr. Burt, of the Record Office, has discovered a piece of land which the Abbot of Westminster granted to the prior and convent of the Charterhouse, probably a small piece by the way-side, the consideration for it being only the rendering of a red rose, and the saying a mass annually for the sacred King and Confessor Edward. The monks also became possessed of another parcel of land, more than ten and a half acres, at the rent of 25s. per year; and this land, together with Pardon Chapel, was in the possession of Lord North, and became part of the property purchased by Thomas Sutton from the Howard family. Thus, Sir Walter Manny acquired the lands upon which part of the monastery was built, and which, but little impaired in extent, are now in the possession of the Governors of the Charterhouse. It also appears that the Carthusians had other land in the neighbourhood, and that the present site of the Charterhouse was but a small part of their possessions. The name *Chartreux-house*, so called because the order of Carthusians was first instituted at Chartreux, time has corrupted into Charterhouse. This was the third Carthusian monastery instituted in this country, and its title and address was, "The House of the Salvation of the Mother of God, without the Bars of West Smithfield, near London."

In 1377, four acres of land adjoining the monastery, for the making of cells and gardens, were granted by the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem. In 1429, William Rendre, citizen and barber, demised for eighty years, at the rent of a red rose, to be paid annually on the feast of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist, one acre. In the archives of the Charterhouse are two very interesting vellum rolls, one ten feet in length and the other nine feet, both showing the plan of the course by which the water was brought from Islington across the fields for the supply of the monastery. From the flesh kitchen the water went to the windmill, of which the Windmill Inn in St. John Street is a remnant and a remembrance. With such pains and labour and expense of construction, was water brought from the higher land at Islington to the Charterhouse, to a spot which, till within the last forty years, had springs which, either by pumps or wells, might have supplied water in great abundance. Islington was noted for its numerous springs and ponds as late as the seventeenth century. On the north side of White Conduit House, the watery or oozy district supplied the priory of St. John's and the Charterhouse, "sweet water being in former times as great a desideratum with our ancestors as it is now." The cells of the monks, which were in the quadrangle, in the centre of which the conduit stood, have been all destroyed, with the exception of some few doorways still remain-

\* Sir Walter Manny was a native of Hainault, and greatly distinguished himself under Edward III in his wars with the King of France. He came to England with his royal mistress, Philippa of Hainault, on her marriage with Edward III, and died shortly after he had founded the Carthusian convent. He was buried in a choir of the chapel, his remains being attended to the grave by the king and the whole court.

ing. The buildings of the monastery now extant are on the chapel, the small quadrangle; the courts of Howard House, including the Great Hall and the Master's Court. These buildings were erected for the accommodation of strangers who were received at the monastery. It has been said that much information respecting the temper and feelings of the people was obtained by Henry VII. from the knowledge which the Carthusian monks acquired through intercourse thus kept up with the higher classes. The walls are of great thickness, and when cut into, mullions, transoms, pieces of pillars, and monuments are found in the brickwork, indicating that some im-

to the succession and supremacy. On the latter points the Carthusians were very untractable: they were selected as the first victims of the law which constituted the king supreme head of the English church; and John Houghton, the prior, was condemned for high treason in denying the supremacy (Lingard affirms, through Cromwell intimidating the jury), on the 29th of April, 1535, and in five days afterwards he was with others "hanged, drawn, and quartered at Tiborne, and their heads and quarters set on the gates of the citie, all save one quarter [that of Prior Huwghton] which was set on the Charter House" (*Stow*). The persecution of certain monks



THE CHARTERHOUSE.

portant building had been destroyed. In 1381 the neighbouring Hospital of St. John had been burnt by the rebels of Essex and Kent; so extensive were the buildings that the fire lasted for seven days. That hospital does not appear to have been rebuilt in its ancient splendour before the end of the fifteenth century, and it is possible that the ruins of St. John's supplied some of the materials, supposing them to have been lying waste. Amongst other interesting fragments which have been discovered was the head of an Indian or Egyptian idol, which was found embedded in the mortar amidst the rubble. The connection of the brethren of St. John of Jerusalem with the East, suggests the idea that this little figure might have found its way to the Charterhouse from St. John's.

Prior to the surrender of the convent it was placed under the king's commissioners, and considerable pains were taken, both by preaching and admonitory advice, to overcome the refractory monks in regard

of this house forms a striking feature in the history of the Reformation of the time of Henry VIII. The same gateway, it is said, or Perpendicular arch, supported by lions, is still the entrance from Charterhouse Square.

The site of the priory founded by Sir Walter Manny was first set apart by Henry VIII as a place of deposit for his hales (trammels or nets) and tents. It was afterwards given by the king to Sir Thomas Audley, lord chancellor, by whom it was sold to Sir Thomas North, Baron North of Kirtling, who made it over to John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, on whose attainder and execution in 1553 it again reverted to Lord North by a grant from the crown. In 1565, by deeds, and for the sum of £2,500, Roger, second Lord North, sold it to Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, on whose conviction of high treason in corresponding with the Queen of Scots, he was beheaded in 1572, and the property again reverted to the crown. Queen Elizabeth subsequently granted it to

the duke of Suffolk;

The duke and his son, the Duke of Suffolk, Thomas Howard, covered broad coats with gold, the ceiling medallions with the evangelists, Lord's Sermons flowing from the mouth of Philip Howard, being ever inserted at the elder's session of no mention written him in of his recovery year 1515 queen's estate now in the Queen's to Thomas Howard, purchased £13,000 forty-six markable of property.

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\* Abri Transactions vol. iii.



the duke's second son Thomas, afterwards Earl of Suffolk, founder of Audley End, in Essex.

The great chamber at the Charterhouse contains some interesting memorials of the residence of the duke and his two sons, Philip Earl of Arundel and Thomas Earl of Suffolk. The original splendour of Howard House is shown in the tapestry which covered the walls, now faded and discoloured; in the broad cornice round the room, formerly resplendent with gold; in the mantelpiece rising from the floor to the ceiling, with its four Corinthian pillars, having medallions of the twelve apostles on its centre panel, with the royal arms, in the spandrels the four evangelists, and on a base an Annunciation and a Lord's Supper; to which must be added the ceiling of flowing tracery, exhibiting in panels and compartments the armorial bearings of the family, those of Philip Earl of Arundel and Thomas Earl of Suffolk being evidently the work of different hands and inserted at a later period. The Earl of Arundel was the eldest son of the Duke of Norfolk. Of his possession of the Charterhouse, after his father's death, no mention is made by the various authors who have written its history; nor was there any other trace of him in connection with the place (except the insertion of his arms on the ceiling), until of late years a discovery was made of a survey of Howard House in the year 1590 upon his attainder, by force of which the queen was to receive the rents and profits of the estate of Howard House. This document is now in the custody of the Master of the Rolls. On the reversal of the earl's attainder by Queen Elizabeth, the property was granted to Thomas Earl of Suffolk, and from him purchased in 1611 by Thomas Sutton, for £13,000.\* Lord North had purchased it forty-six years previously for £2,500, a remarkable proof of the rapid rise in the value of property.

Having now brought our history to the date of Sutton's purchase, we shall give a few details by way of supplement. From a letter in the British Museum, from a person placed in the Charterhouse after Prior Houghton's execution, both as a spy and superintendent, we learn that the expenditure of the monks in almsgiving was most profuse, as "plentye of brede, and ale, and fyshe, gevyen to strangers, in the butterye, and at the butterye door, and large distribution of brede and ale to all their servants, and to vagabonds at the gate. Though the monks were called solitary, there were twenty-three keys to the cloister door in as many hands; and to the buttery door twenty-two keys in the same number of hands." When the foundation was surrendered to the king, in June, 1537, William Trafford, the then prior, had a yearly pension of £20 allotted to him; and £5 per annum was allotted to each of the sixteen other monks who signed the deed of surrender.

The whole site of the monastery (before the recent sale of a portion of it) occupied nearly thirteen acres, and was probably the largest property in the metropolis which had preserved its original character, being, after a lapse of four centuries, the

residence of a collegiate body. Of the cells we have a curious account: on the cell marked A may be read, "The Prior's selle," and "Freytor," a corruption of refectory. Each cell stood on a separate plot of ground, and it was the practice of the order that each monk should live in his own house. The doorway of a cell on the west side of the little cloister remains. In 1378 the executors of Felicia de Thymelly gave to God, the Virgin Mary, and John, Prior of the Convent, 260 marks of sterling money, to build a cell with a competent portion of cloister and garden-ground for the endowment of a monk, there to dwell for ever, to pray and celebrate the divine offices for the souls of Thomas Aubrey and the aforesaid Felicia, his wife, and of the faithful deceased. When the Master's House was rebuilt similar cells were discovered.

The water passed at the back of the cells, possibly in an open channel. The laundry was used not only for the ablutions of the monks, but for the cleaning of the sacred vestments. The building in advance of the gatehouse has, in an old plan, the names of "Egypte," and "The Flesh Kitchen," the latter, as the monks abstained entirely from flesh, being only used for strangers or servants, who were not bound by the order rules, and it might be needed to prepare food for the poor. The name "Egypte" was suggested by the conduct of the Israelites, who ex-



THE GREAT HALL.

claimed, "Would to God we had died by the hand of the Lord in the land of Egypt, when we sat by the flesh-pots." The site certainly included the whole of the present Charterhouse Square, which formed the cemetery of the establishment. Up to the middle of the eighteenth century it was only accessible through two gatehouses, the east gate in Carthusian Street, the west gate at the top of the lane, the entrance in Charterhouse Street being comparatively modern.

\* Abridged from the paper read by the Venerable Archdeacon Hale. Transactions of the London and Middlesex Archaeological Society, vol. iii. 1869.

The monastery was converted by Sir Edward, afterwards Lord North, into a private dwelling, princely in size and decoration; and Elizabeth was lodged here on her way from Hatfield to the Tower, two days after her accession in 1558, when "she stayed many dayes;" and in July, 1591, she sojourned here four days, even after Sir Edward had been dismissed from her privy council. Thomas Howard, fourth Duke of Norfolk, made the Charterhouse his chief residence. When he was a second time committed to the Tower for his secret correspondence with Mary Queen of Scots, the cipher or key of his letters was found concealed under the roofing-tiles of the Charterhouse. On the entry into London of James I., on May 7, 1603, that sovereign, from special respect to the Howard family, which had suffered so greatly in his mother's cause, visited Lord Thomas at the Charterhouse, to which he was conducted in procession from Stamford Hill, through Islington. He was magnificently entertained by his noble hosts and here he kept his court four days. Prior to his departure, on the 11th of May, he conferred the honour of knighthood upon upwards of eighty gentlemen; and on the 23rd of July following, he created Lord Howard Earl of Suffolk. It is thought that the Great Hall was built by Sir Edward North. The arms of the Protector Somerset still remain painted on glass in the bay window. The music gallery was erected by the Duke of Norfolk, as shown by the initials T. N., and the date 1571. Anciently, the site of the hall was a garden, under the direction of the house-physician, to grow herbs for medicinal purposes.

#### SUTTON'S HOSPITAL.—THE CHARTERHOUSE.

We now arrive at the time when the Charterhouse became the seat of the noble institution which still flourishes there, and was devised by the ever-to-be-gratefully-remembered Thomas Sutton, Esq., for the "sustentation and relief of poor, aged, maimed, needy, or impotent people," and for the "instructing, teaching, maintenance, and education of poor children and scholars." This "triple good," as Bacon calls it—this "masterpiece of Protestant English charity," as it was called by Fuller, was also then "the greatest gift in England, either in Protestant or Catholic times, ever bestowed by any individual;" and, until we come down to the endowment of Guy's Hospital, it may be so considered. Thomas Sutton, of Camps Castle, in the county of Cambridge, was paternally descended from a Saxon family of the same name, and maternally from the noble line of Stapleton, of whom Sir Miles Stapleton was one of the first knights of the Order of the Garter. Sutton was born at Knaith, in Lincolnshire, in 1531. In early life he visited Holland, France, Spain, and Italy, in which countries he acquired that knowledge of commercial policy and different languages which so eminently contributed to his future affluence. On the recommendation of the Duke of Norfolk, he became secretary to the Earl of Warwick, by whose influence, in 1569, upon the breaking out of the northern rebellion, he was appointed Master-General of the Ordnance in the North for life. He soon grew wealthy by the discovery and working of rich veins of coal near Newcastle; in a few years he was reputed to be worth the then vast sum of £50,000. After his marriage, in 1582, to Elizabeth, widow of John Dudley, of Stoke Newington, Mr. Sutton devoted himself for

many years to mercantile affairs and pecuniary negotiations; and the tradition of the Charterhouse is, that it was by his agency King Philip's bills were returned protested from the bank of Genoa, by which the sailing of the Spanish Armada was delayed by almost a year. It is stated also that he fitted out and commanded the bark Sutton, of seventy tons, and thirty men, in the memorable defeat of the Spanish Armada; and that the same vessel afterwards captured for him a Spanish ship and cargo valued at £20,000.

In 1594 Mr. Sutton resigned his Ordnance appointment, and during the remainder of his life he directed his attention in business to the lending of money upon interest and mortgage, chiefly to our extravagant nobility in the early years of King James's reign. By these transactions he became possessed of many estates, and greatly augmented his former riches. So early as 1594, if not long previously, Mr. Sutton had resolved to devote a portion of his wealth to the foundation of a hospital and free school; but this good work was long and unduly delayed, of which Mr. Sutton himself was conscious. Fuller says that "he used often to repair to a private garden, where he poured forth his prayers to God, and was frequently overheard to use this expression: 'Lord, thou hast given me a large and liberal estate, give me also a heart to make use thereof.'"

At length, in 1599, Mr. Sutton obtained an Act of Parliament empowering him to erect and establish his hospital and school at Little Hallingbury in Essex, a very healthful spot, which is still part of the Charterhouse estates. But he afterwards changed his mind, and purchased the Charterhouse of the Earl of Suffolk, the earl's influence with King James to obtain the necessary charter of incorporation being included in the purchase-money. On the 28th of the following month Mr. Sutton received the king's letters patent and license of mortmain for the completion of this long-projected establishment. The scheme had many enemies, and Sutton encountered much opposition from those (even among the great and mighty in the land) who avariciously sought to become the inheritors of his treasures.

Sutton has been charged with avarice in acquiring the money he bequeathed, and has been pointed out as the original of Volpone, the Fox; but this interpretation Gifford disproves.

Mr. Sutton being now of considerable age, and seized with a slow fever, hastened to complete the final arrangement of his affairs. He nominated the Vicar of Littlebury in Essex to be the first master of the hospital (an office which he had himself intended to occupy, if health had so permitted), and on November 1, 1611, he conveyed all the estates specified in the letters patent to the sixteen governors named therein, in trust for the hospital; this munificent gift not only including the Charterhouse itself, but also upwards of twenty manors and lordships, with many other valuable estates in the counties of Essex, Lincoln, Wilts, Cambridge, and Middlesex.

On November 29th Mr. Sutton executed his last will, by which he bequeathed his remaining property in acts of benevolence and charity; and besides numerous legacies to relations and friends, he left £1,000 to the treasury of the hospital, "to begin their stock with, and to defend the rights of the house." Sutton died a fortnight afterwards, on the 12th of

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December, at his house in Hackney. His bowels were removed, and his body embalmed; but the latter, on the 28th of May, 1612, was conveyed in solemn pomp to Christ Church, Newgate Street, and there deposited in a vault, until his tomb in the Charterhouse Chapel could be prepared to receive it. Newcott, in his "Repertorium," states that 6,000 persons attended the funeral, and that the procession from Dr. Law's house, in Paternoster Row, where the corpse had been rested, to Christ Church, lasted six hours. The subsequent repast, which was given by his executors at Stationers' Hall, cost £159 9s. 10d.; among the articles provided were four dishes of whitebait. The total expenses of the funeral amounted to £2,228 10s. 3d. In Mr. Sutton's will he left £12,110 17s. 8d. in legacies, and near £4,000 was found in his chest. His gold chain weighed fifty-four ounces, and was valued at £162. His damask gown, faced with wrought velvet, and set with buttons, was appraised at £10, his jewels at £59, and his plate at £218 6s. 4d.

Scarcely had Mr. Sutton's remains been consigned to the tomb, when his nephew and heir-at-law, Simon Baxter, who had attended the funeral as chief mourner, laid claim to all that had been settled on the hospital, and attempted by force to obtain possession of the Charterhouse. This last attempt was frustrated by the vigilance of the porter, who had been a faithful servant to Mr. Sutton; and the legal proceedings terminated alike unsuccessfully for the claimant, and in favour of the hospital. This result, however, though strictly just, was, in some covert way, connected with a gift of £10,000 from the governor to King James, under the specious pretence of appropriating it, as a deed of charity, towards the repairs of Berwick Bridge, which sum King James, in a letter, acknowledged himself "well pleased to accept thereof."

Opposition now ceased, and the governors devised the necessary statutes for the management of the hospital and treatment of its inmates. But in a few years some cause of alarm arose, and it was not until 1629 that the stability of the foundation was secured by a parliamentary act of confirmation.

The Charterhouse presents an irregular mass of buildings, erected at various periods: several of the dwellings for the pensioners were rebuilt about forty years since. Entering by the gate from Charterhouse Square, on the right is part of the "fair dwelling," erected about 1537; the Middle or Monitors' Court is of about the same date, though the long gallery is reduced by half. The Wash-house Court is one of the few remaining portions of the monastery. The Great Hall, which is connected with the old refectory and cloisters of the lay brothers of the Carthusian monks, has at the north end an oaken screen, with composite columns, supporting a music gallery, ornamented in front with caryatides crowned with fruit. An excellent portrait of Mr. Sutton, seated, and holding a plan of the Charterhouse in his right hand, is suspended above the dais at the south end, and on the west side are three mullioned windows, in one of which are fragments of stained glass, representing a conflict on a bridge, a ship, coats of arms, etc. In the middle of the roof is the lantern, as usual in old halls.

The Preachers' Court contains the chapel, which, from a plan, date about 1500, seems to be identified with the monastery chapel. In some repairs, in 1849, an ancient ambry was discovered towards the

south corner of the east wall. The ante-chapel, like the evidence-room above it (containing the archives of the hospital), has a groined roof, and bears the date 1512; the central stone is sculptured with a large rose and I. H. S. The chapel is of brick, divided into two aisles by Tuscan columns; it has an organ gallery, elaborately carved, in the style of James I's time. Here, at the north-east corner, is the superb monument of the founder, executed by Johnson, Kinsman, and Nicholas Stone, "citizens and freemasons of London." This monument, which is 25 feet high, consists of a rich composite canopy, surmounting a recessed tomb, or pedestal, whereon lies the effigy of the deceased. The hands are in the attitude of prayer; he wears a plaited ruff, and a black gown, furred; and his beard and hair are grey. At the back of the recess stand two military figures, supporting a tablet, with inscription, over which are small figures of Time, and a genius, sitting near a skull and hour-glass. Above the cornice of this division is a bas-relief of above fifty small whole-length figures, sitting and standing around a preacher; at the sides are Faith and Hope and two boys, expressive of Rest and Labour. Over the second cornice are the arms, crest, and mantling of Mr. Sutton; at the sides are small statues of Peace and Plenty. The whole is surmounted by a figure of Charity, and on each side a genius seated, with a trumpet in one hand, and the other placed on a skull. This monument is inscribed, "Sacred to the Glory of God, in grateful Memory of Thomas Sutton, Esquire." Mr. Sutton's body was brought from Christ Church, by the pensioners, by torchlight, and deposited in the vault, in March, 1616—17. On this occasion £4 6s. 8d. was expended for bread, biscuit, comfits, marmalade, suckets, jelly, figs, raisins, and wines. On opening the vaults, in 1842, the corpse of the founder was discovered, "lapt in lead" adapted to the shape of the body.

Among the other sepulchral memorials here is a bust of John Law, one of Mr. Sutton's executors; a kneeling figure of Francis Beaumont, fourth master of the hospital, buried in the vault under the founder's tomb. Also inscribed tablets to Thomas Walker, LL.D., who was schoolmaster here forty-nine years; Andrew Tooke, A.M., his successor, translator of Pomey's "Pantheon;" and Dr. Pepusch, who was organist in this chapel, and who died aged eighty-five years. On the east wall is an elegant monument, by Flaxman, to Dr. Matthew Raine, containing a fine portrait of him, an apostolic figure of Theology, and another of Classical Literature. Next is the monument to Lord Ellenborough, by Chantrey. In the chapel, Burrell, the preacher to the hospital, paid the first tribute of praise to the memory of Sutton, in a sermon, printed in 1629, but now as rare as a manuscript.

In the corridor leading to the chapel are memorial tablets to Thackeray and Leech, Sir Henry Havelock, and the Ven. Archdeacon Hale and his family.

The chapel-bell (which bears the arms and initials of Thomas Sutton, the founder, and the date 1631) is rung at eight or nine o'clock at night to warn the absent pensioners; and this practice has been erroneously adduced as a relic of curfew-ringing. At the Charterhouse, the ringing may serve the office of the ordinary *Passing Bell*; the number of strokes must correspond with the number of pensioners, so that when a brother pensioner has deceased, his companions are informed of their loss by one stroke of the bell less than on the preceding evening.



In the piazza, fronting the chapel, is Brooke Hall, a dark, wainscoted room, of the time of William III, traditionally said to have been occupied (after the Restoration, and with leave of the governors) by Mr. Robert Brooke, a former schoolmaster, who had been expelled during the parliamentary ascendancy for refusing to subscribe to the solemn league and covenant. His portrait, on panel, is suspended over the fireplace: he is reading, and before him are insignia of the scholastic art; at the sides are the words, "And gladly would he learn, and gladly teach. 1694."

## THE ARAB FELLAHHEEN OF PALESTINE.

### III.

#### THEIR CUSTOMS COMPARED WITH THOSE OF THE CANAANITES—NAMES OF PLACES PRESERVED.

IN a former paper we showed from the Bible history that it is probable that the Canaanitish nations continued to inhabit Palestine until the Christian era, and we gave some reasons for believing that the so-called Arab Fellahheen who inhabit Palestine at the present day are their descendants.

The aboriginal races in India, in America, in various countries of Europe, afford us many instances of primitive peoples existing side by side with immigrant nations by whom they have been subdued; and even here in England, where Christianity and civilisation have done so much to obliterate differences and to blend together hostile elements, it is not difficult to distinguish from each other British Celt, Saxon, and Norman.

Let us see what further light may be thrown upon our subject by such customs of the Palestine Fellahheen as may be identical with those of the Canaanites. We are enabled to form a pretty good idea as to what were the customs of the Canaanites from the prohibitions contained in the Law of Moses, and from the special sins of the ancient nations there denounced.

"Thou shalt not bow down to their gods, nor serve them, nor do after their works" (Ex. xxiii. 23, 24; xxxiv. 11—17). "After the doings of the Canaanites shall ye not do" (Levit. xviii. 3, 4; xx. 23—26). "Ye shall not walk in the manner of the nations which I cast out before you;" "they committed all these things, and therefore I abhorred them."

We had opportunity during our residence in the Holy Land of observing some of the customs forbidden by Moses, but which still exist among the Fellahheen. A very striking instance occurred one day while preparations were being made for a birthday feast. Among other dishes a lamb was to be stuffed and roasted whole in Arab fashion. The Fellahh or peasant cook was asked some question as to the mode of doing this, but replied, "We don't know this in our town. You must ask some Jerusalemite. We only cook lambs of a few days old, and then in the 'Leben' (curdled milk) of its mother, and they are much more savoury."

"Why," we said, "that is the very thing forbidden by God in the law of Neby Moosa (the Prophet Moses). 'Thou shalt not seethe a kid in his mother's milk.' To cook a lamb in its mother's milk" (we added in talking to our Fellahhah, who had never before heard anything of the law of Moses) "is also contrary to the command which for-

bids killing the young at the same time with the mother (Levit. xxii. 28). And for this reason also God forbade people to kill a bird and its young ones at the same time."

"Oh," replied the Fellahhah, "we do that also. Nothing is better than a nest of young partridges taken with their mother when just hatched, and all cooked together. Our reapers often take them in the cornfields, and they are very good; and so are also wild pigeons which build in the empty cisterns. The men light a fire and make a smoke, and so take twenty nests at once, and cook the whole broods, old and young together." "If a bird's nest chance to be before thee in any tree, or on the ground, whether they be young ones or eggs, and the dam sitting upon the young or upon the eggs, thou shalt not take the dam with the young: but thou shalt in any wise let the dam go and take the young to thee; that it may be well with thee, and that thou mayest prolong thy days" (Deut. xxii. 6, 7).

It is worthy of note that the prohibition to seethe a kid in his mother's milk is twice given in Exodus, xxiii. 19, and xxiv. 26, and each time in connection with the command to bring the first-fruits of produce and offer them to God. This connection would seem to imply that the heathen custom had been to *seethe* on the first-born kid, cooking it in its mother's milk. In Deut. xiv. 21 the same prohibition is coupled with that forbidding to eat what had died of itself, as very young kids not unfrequently do die in wet or cold weather without being at all diseased.

Young kids of four days old have been offered to us for sale for the sum of 10*d.*, but we had no means of knowing whether they had been slaughtered or had died. In any case, they were not purchased by us; we had no inclination to bring such food as this on our table. Even the firstlings were, according to the Mosaic law, to be left seven days with their dam for her comfort, before being sacrificed (Ex. xxii. 30).

We find in the chapter referred to above (Deut. xxii.) a number of commands habitually violated by the Fellahheen (v. 8), "When thou buildest a new house, then thou shalt make a battlement for thy roof, that thou bring not blood upon thine house if any man fall from thence." The houses built by the Fellahheen rarely, if ever, have any battlement or protection to save persons from falling off the flat-terraced roofs, which are the common resort not only of grown people but of children of tender age. It is otherwise in Jerusalem, where there are walls round the terraces at least breast high, and it often struck us that this difference had been traditionally and unwittingly preserved from Jewish times, when the houses in Jerusalem at least would be built in accordance with the merciful provision of the Mosaic law.

"Thou shalt not sow thy vineyard with divers seeds." The original word is in the dual, with seeds of two different kinds. The Fellahheen are in the habit of sowing between the rows of their vines, melons, vegetable marrows, cucumbers of two kinds, and beans.

"Thou shalt not plow with an ox and an ass together." They not only do plow with an ox and an ass together, but we have seen a camel, tall, ungainly animal as it is, yoked with a diminutive donkey, both distressed by reason of their unequal size and different manner of gait. In the threshing-floor we have seen horse, ass, mule, and ox labouring together.

Further, they wear garments of mixed material—silk and cotton, and wool and cotton. They also breed mules. Both these customs are forbidden in the law of Moses. Again, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn" (xxv. 4). It is very common to see cattle threshing from morning till evening under the burning sun, muzzled so that they may not snatch an occasional mouthful of the grain when hungry.

The eating of camels' flesh is prohibited in the Mosaic law (Levit. xi. 4; Deut. xiv. 7), but the Fellahheen (as well as the Bedaween) eat camels' flesh. We have even seen in the middle of the highway a camel being cut up and divided for cooking, that had sunk from fatigue when travelling, and had been summarily slaughtered for the sake of its flesh. They avoid eating swine and hares, as being prohibited by Mohammedan law, but they eat other food which the law of Moses forbids to the Israelites, such as snails and the flesh of the hyena.

Moses directed the Israelites when offering their first-fruits before God to make a solemn declaration that they had not "taken away ought thereof for any unclean use, nor given ought thereof for the dead" (Deut. xxvi. 14). But the Fellahheen make bread specially intended to be eaten beside the graves of their dead friends, and they eat it there.

"Ye shall not print any marks upon you" (Levit. xix. 23) is a prohibition constantly brought to mind in Palestine, when one sees the Fellahheen marked and tattooed in faces and arms with various devices in indigo blue, or in black colour. The custom is universal among them (as well as that of staining the hands and feet with henna), and it is also practised in the towns. Christians, among them English travellers, allow themselves to be marked by the professional tattooers in Jerusalem and elsewhere, forgetting, no doubt, that this is one of the ancient heathen customs still lingering in the land, which God forbade Israel to adopt, for the most solemn of all reasons: "Ye shall not print any marks upon you. I am the Lord." They were God's people, and might bear no mark or badge of any other god or king, whether by way of homage to that god, or by way of ornament.

The shaving of the head is another of the prescribed customs still in use in the land (Levit. xix. 27, xxi. 5; Deut. xiv. 1; Jer. ix. 26 (*marginal*), xlviii. 37; Isaiah xv. 2). The Fellahheen keep their heads shaven, all but one lock purposely left long, in order that after death Mohammed may take them up to heaven by it. Christians in the towns also shave off their beards and whiskers, but the shaving of the head is universal in both town and country among the Syrians and the Fellahheen.

To use divination, to be an observer of times, to be an enchanter or a witch, or a charmer or a wizard, were among "the abominations of those nations," and "because of these abominations the Lord thy God doth drive them out from before thee. For these nations, which thou shalt possess, hearkened unto observers of times, and unto diviners: but as for thee, the Lord thy God hath not suffered thee so to do" (Levit. xix. 26, 31; Deut. xviii. 9—14). These abominations are still most commonly practised by the Fellahheen. An accurate description of all these customs has never yet been obtained, but it is impossible to live any length of time in the country without perceiving that they observe times,

having days that are lucky and days that are unlucky. They attach great importance to omens, both good and bad. They have enchanters and charmers, and use conjurations, consulting diviners and astrologers. They have among them serpent charmers, and they believe in various kinds of demons and of sprites. The men who devote themselves to magical arts are called Sheikhs. They are treated with respect, are much feared, and are notoriously bad characters. We have seen heaps of farm produce—wheat, barley, millet, sesame, and dried fruit—set apart by the peasantry for the sheikh, or wizard, who was expected to visit the village shortly for his dues. Woe betide the man who had neglected to provide for him some offering. Curses and threats of injury to his crops, his cattle, and himself, were poured out upon him by the wizard, and the poor people firmly believed in their efficacy, while somehow or other mischief generally overtook the man whom the sheikh had denounced. These men are employed to discover hidden treasure, cure disease, to heal bewitched cattle, to drive away locusts and every kind of ill. They are believed to possess the power of striking those who may offend them with blindness, disease, and death.

Again, many of the Mosaic laws against those who injure a neighbour or his property denounce offences most common in the present day among the Fellahheen, but which could not, at least while they were wanderers during forty years in the wilderness, have been faults which the children of Israel were prone to commit.

Moses tells the Israelites that a man was bound to make ample restitution who should cause a field or a vineyard to be eaten, putting in his own beast to feed in another man's vineyard (Ex. xxii. 5). The wilful turning of cattle to feed in other men's vineyards, trampling down and destroying, not only the fruit but the vine, is an every-day method of showing spite among the Fellahheen. We have seen acres of vineyards thus devastated and turned into barren waste, as a result of personal animosities or of long-standing feuds between rival villages. God forbade his people to distress each other thus. We have also seen at night near harvest time broad sheets of flame blazing and burning up the standing corn, all dry and inflammable as it then was. For hours would the flames last, and we could discern them travelling along the length of the vast crops. There could be no means of extinguishing such fires as these, and they had been kindled solely for the savage purpose of reducing an enemy, with his wives and children, to a state of famine. The Mosaic law provides for restitution even in case of accidental destruction of a neighbour's crop (Ex. xxii. 6).

We have also seen fruit-trees, especially fig-trees, ruined in one night. "An enemy" had come secretly when there was no moon, and had barked or cut down trees, the growth of many years, whose produce had been a mainstay of the family both in summer and in winter. Figs, raisins, and olives are necessities of life to the agricultural population. Moses forbade the destruction of fruit-trees even in actual warfare (Deut. xx. 19, 20), "for the tree of the field is man's life." The Fellahheen not only destroy each other's fruit-trees, but we have known of the owners themselves cutting down their trees to prevent the enemy from getting them or their fruit. It is worthy of note that these laws of Moses were given to the Israelites while yet in the desert, and

that they evidently have reference prospectively to the Land of Promise, rather than to the circumstances or customs of life in Egypt.

There are many other prohibitions and commands in the Mosaic law which point at sins and practices more or less common among mankind everywhere. But even in respect of these we cannot but see that the Fellahheen have notoriously a guilty pre-eminence. Theft, cheating, and lying are among their constant sins. (See Levit. xix. 11, 35, 36). The Fellahheen have a proverb that "a man who tells no lies is like meat without salt," insipid, worthless. Short measures, false weights (in the original text "stones," and stones are still the usual weights), are common. "Thou shalt take no gift" (Ex. xxiii. 8) is a precept which gains fresh force in a land where bribes, presents, and backsheesh are so completely at home as in Palestine. Taking reward for false witness is a matter of every-day occurrence (Ex. xxiii. 1). Cursing and swearing are ever in their mouths. This is far less the case in Christian villages, but the Moslem Fellahheen are proverbial among the other Oriental populations for the incessant use and for the hardihood of their imprecations.

There is another Jewish custom mentioned by Josephus which the present inhabitants of Palestine observe. It is that of accompanying to the grave a passing funeral: "All who pass by when any one is buried should accompany the funeral and join in the lamentation." This is a universal practice among the present natives of Palestine. Persons who cannot spare time to go the whole way will, at least, when they meet or see a funeral, turn and accompany it a few steps upon the road.

Josephus also states that it was contrary to law to allow any dead body, even that of an enemy, to lie unburied. That the Israelites were in the habit of obeying this law we gather, among other things, from the command of Jehu to bury Jezebel. That the surrounding heathen, on the contrary, kept their dead enemies unburied, we learn from the conduct of the Philistines in fastening the bodies of Saul and of Jonathan to the walls of Bethshan, whence the Jabesh Gileadites recovered them at the risk of their lives (1 Sam. xxxi. 8-13). But the practice of the modern Fellahheen is contrary to the humane Jewish law, and accords with that of the ancient heathen. We have known cases in which the burial of an enemy was prevented during three days in order to put indignity upon the dead, while those who had slain him feasted and made merry.

The Fellahheen are not a people given to change; none less so; what their fathers did before them, that they now do, and thus it has been from ages past. It is reasonable to suppose that their ancestors derived some customs, which agree with the Mosaic code, from the Israelites, as they derived from a still older common source others more ancient still, such as the avenging of blood, and the rite of circumcision, both adopted by Mohammed.

Without desiring to lay too great stress upon coincidences, on the one hand of present evil practices, with those of the ancient Canaanites, or on the other of obedience rendered by the Fellahheen to precepts laid upon Israel by their great lawgiver Moses, we may repeat that there is enough in both these respects to awaken attention and to justify us in pursuing with interest the inquiry whether these

Fellahheen are relics of the ancient Canaanites, who as late as the time of Ezra were inhabiting the Land of Promise as distinct and separate nations, who must have formed the staple of its rural population, and who were never, as far as can be ascertained, either annihilated or expelled from the land.

We will now briefly glance at the preservation of ancient names by the Fellahh population as a powerful argument in favour of their identity with the Canaanites, who were both aboriginal in the land, and who also lived in it at the same time as the Israelites. It is a most remarkable fact, and one acknowledged by all who have treated of Palestine geography, that the names of ancient sites have been preserved either without any change at all, or with only such slight alterations as are required in the Arabic dialect used by the Fellahheen.

Be it remembered that very few of these people can read or write; that there is no such thing as a government survey, or even any local lists of names, extant, which reach back even to mediæval times. And yet not only do inhabited cities retain their ancient names, but villages, ruins, trees, rocks, and particular spots retain the names by which, according to the Bible, they were called in the days of Abraham and Joshua. Villages may have disappeared hundreds of years ago, leaving only such vestiges as a few bits of the foundations of houses, some broken wells, scraps of old pottery, or disjointed morsels of tessellated pavement in the ploughed fields—any, or all, or none of these. Yet the name is there. The Fellahheen know these names; they never change them, but hand them on from father to son with an accuracy that is astonishing. The pronunciation apparently does not deteriorate in their usage; as their ancestors spoke the names, so they now speak them for others to write down with the original spelling apparently unaltered. The Fellahheen have thus been faithful though most ignorant custodians of inestimable treasure.

Thus a bare hill-top on which some traces of ruins remained was found to be known to the Fellahh ploughmen by the two separate names it bears in the Bible, Almon (Josh. xxi. 17, 18) and Alemeth (1 Chron. vi. 60, and vii. 8).\*

Usdum and Ghumran are places near the Dead Sea, known to the Arabs, who have never read and scarcely heard of Sodom and Gomorrah. At Ai the ancient name has been lost, but the peasantry call the spot by the name imposed by Joshua. "Et-Tel," "the heap," is the only name now given to the mound of rubbish where Ai once stood. We were the first of modern travellers to visit and identify this spot, which has been a Tel, or "heap," for twenty centuries.

In other names, such as Beit-in for Bethel, the Hebrew name has been preserved in an Arabic form (which prefers "n" to "l" in such a combination), though by this change the sense is wholly lost. To a heathen population it mattered not that "House of God" (Bethel) was changed into a senseless name of similar sound; just as Ishmael and Israel become meaningless imitations of sound in the Arabic, Ismain—Israin.

But there are remarkable instances of the Hebrew names being translated into Arabic equivalents, or what seem to be their equivalents. "The going up to Adummim" is now Tala'at ed dam ("the ascent of blood).

\* See "Byeways in Palestine," by J. Finn, page 201.



Among these may be classed the stone of Zohemoth and the stone of Bohan, lately identified in their Arabic forms by M. Clermont-Ganneau. Such translations could only have been made by people who had means of knowing the Hebrew name—that is, who were contemporaneous residents in the land with the Hebrews.

Again, Hebron is now called, not by its proper name, but by the epithet applied to Abraham, El Khaleel, "The Friend" (of God). This name would only be given by people having a traditional knowledge of him in that character, as well as a traditional knowledge of his life, death, and burial in that place. So the Dead Sea is called "The Sea of Lot," whose escape must have made a lasting impression on the inhabitants of the country. The ancient Jewish city of Bether goes by the name of Khirbet el Yahood. None but agricultural inhabitants on the spot would thus have preserved the memory of Jewish heroism here displayed under Bar Cochab. Nor could the memory of the paradise created by King Solomon and revived by Herod the Great have been preserved by any other population than those whose peasant descendants still call the "Frank Mountain," where this paradise was, by its corresponding name of Jebel Fureidis, "Little Paradise Mountain." The gardens have perished long ago, but tillers of the soil were not likely to forget their existence, and thus the name has outlived all traces of the verdure and trees that made it appropriate.

Etham has perished, but the spring at which man and beast drank and still drink is called Ain Aitân, "the spring of Etham," to this day, and thus it has happened in other places where the spring alone remains to bear the name by which cities and villages were formerly known. Again, Tekoa lies in utter desolation, yet there is not a shepherd-lad of the district who would hesitate if asked to give the name of the spot.

In other places the ancient names have survived, while Greek or Roman names given for awhile have vanished. Eleutheropolis is called by its old name Bait Jibrin. Acca (Accho) has outlived Ptolemais. Haifa is no longer called Porphyron, but by the name identical in form with the Hebrew word for *Haven*. Equally remarkable are the instances in which Greek names have quite supplanted the ancient Hebrew names. Such are Nabloos (Neapolis) for Shechem, Sebastieh (Sebaste) for Samaria; but here the population was alien, and composed of foreigners.

It must, however, be remembered in examining the names which still exist in Palestine, as well as the lists contained in Holy Scripture, that the commands of God given by Moses to destroy heathen altars, idols, and statues, were not more stringent than the command to do away with all idolatrous names (Exodus xxiii. 13; Deut. xii. 3). That this command was obeyed, and that names were changed by the Israelites if they contained the name of an idol, we find in Numbers xxxii. 3, 38. For this reason we must expect many purely Canaanite names to be quite lost.

Before closing this part of our subject we may notice the fact that the present Arab name for Jerusalem, El Kuds (the Holy), corresponds with the ancient heathen name Kadytes, with which it is probably identical.

In conclusion we may remark that these ancient names would never have been learned and preserved by a fresh population of immigrants into an empty

land. There could never have been a gap. The names must have been transmitted by people in the daily habit of using them. The very existence of the ancient nomenclature leads us to believe that we have before us in Palestine not only the ancient sites called by their original names, but also the descendants of the original Canaanitish inhabitants, who have preserved those names for us.

## Varieties.

**PERSIA.**—A letter written from Shiraz about the time of the Shah's return says: "The country is still very unsafe, although the authorities telegraph everywhere and tell everybody that it is not so. A family, now on the road from Teheran, although going with a very heavy caravan and a strong guard, was stopped for eight days by robbers twelve miles from Ispahan. The governor of a small town near here was killed by the inhabitants. A row took place a few days ago in Shiraz, resulting in many killed and wounded. Caravans do not go out at all for a long period, being afraid of robbers; trade is stagnant; merchants lose property. The English courier was even fired at. Nothing seems safe nowadays, yet they say the country is quiet!"

**TRADE AND PROFESSIONAL INCOMES.**—The number of persons charged under Schedule D (Trades and Professions) to the income-tax last year, to the 5th of April, in Great Britain, was 437,733. The amount of income charged with the tax was £122,217,418, and the amount of tax charged £3,055,336. There were 857 persons charged at £10,000 and under £50,000, and at £50,000 and upwards, 63 persons. In 1868, the number of persons charged with the income-tax under the same schedule (D) was 379,290; the income charged with tax was £105,902,810; and the amount of tax charged, £2,206,146. Similar accounts are given under Schedule E. Last year, ending the 5th of April, in Great Britain, the amount charged with tax was £23,991,965; the number of persons, 147,779, and the amount of tax, £599,489. Under the several schedules last year in Great Britain the tax was net £9,765,393. Returns are given as to Ireland, as Scotland is included in Great Britain. Under the several schedules, the net amount was £597,853. In 1868 it was £469,215, and last year as to Ireland it was the highest.

**AUSTRALIAN PRESS.**—There are various signs and tests of the progress of the colonies, and one is the character of their newspapers; for there is sure to be a certain likeness and companionship between the people and the journals. It is interesting to examine the files brought to us, month by month, from Australia. There are no colonies where the newspapers are more like our own home, and there is no place with a better right to the title of "New England." The chief city of Australia is widely known by its "Melbourne (daily) Argus." Victoria is only just of age as a separate colony, and was almost without inhabitants forty years ago; it is surely a satisfactory proof of enterprise and growth that such papers are produced; that a large journal is issued, day by day, well written, well printed, and on paper that does not fall like linen over the hand of the reader, but honestly stands up to be read. He finds before him a well-arranged collection of news from all parts of Australia, and mails and telegrams arrive from all parts of the world; the Parliamentary reports are excellent; the leading articles are worthy of a leading journal. The "Australasian," a large and excellent paper, is issued from the same establishment; and what has occasioned our taking this notice of it just now is that the mail has brought another monthly paper from the same office, the "Australian Sketcher," a new illustrated journal, of a much higher class than most persons would expect to find in any colony, and which cannot fail to be popular and useful. Emigrants may change their place, and not lose their spirit; and Australians may point to such newspapers as proofs, not only of enterprise, but of a just and manly tone of public opinion. They have a right to be proud of their newspapers.—*The Times*.

**AMERICAN PANORAMA.**—An American lecturer, Mr. Hardy Gillard, has been exhibiting at St. James's Hall, and will probably take to many provincial towns, a series of views of scenery over the Pacific Railway from New York to San Francisco. It is called "an entertainment," but though

amusing in some respects, the lecture is really a lesson in Geography and Modern History, of which many should take advantage. What Mr. Cobden said is still too true in England, that many who have been taught at school everything about ancient nations, know almost nothing about the United States of America. Parents should take their children, and teachers their pupils, to illustrated lectures of this class. Mr. Gillard says that his lecture is educational, and has not one "sensational" scene. It would be more sensible, and in better taste, to have a little more of characteristic American "entertainment" in the exhibition itself, than to introduce songs adding nothing to the interest of the lecture.

**CALIFORNIAN LANDOWNER.**—Dr. Glenn, of Colusa County, owns a ranch which contains nearly 45,000 acres. It embraces a frontage of 18 miles on the Sacramento river, and extends back about 5 miles. It is enclosed and divided by 140 miles of fencing. One tenant, G. W. Hoog, rents and cultivates about 10,000 acres of the land, and the Gupton Brothers cultivate an equal portion. Some 15,000 acres are rented out to a number of farmers who work on a smaller scale. At the present time Hoog is engaged in cutting 7,000 acres of wheat and barley. The crop will this year yield about 20 bushels per acre of wheat. In favourable seasons the yield has been about 35 bushels. The yield of barley is considerably larger. The total crop will amount to nearly 180,000 bushels. He is thrashing his grain with one of Case's 48-inch cylinder thrashing-machines, which is run by a 20-horse power steam-engine. To supply this machine requires 6 large-sized headers and 18 header waggons, all of which require the labour of 110 horses and 50 men. The machine has thrashed five sacks of barley per minute, at which rate it has run for an hour and a half in succession. It has also thrashed 32 sacks of wheat in 7 minutes. It will require about 6 weeks to thrash the entire crop. These are the operations of Hoog alone. Gupton Brothers have an equally large crop, and are driving business on about the same scale. The smaller tenants are equally well employed.—*Sacramento Union*.

**PREACHING.**—Remember we do not mount the pulpit to say fine things, or eloquent things; we have then to proclaim the good tidings of salvation to fallen man; to point out the way of eternal life; to exhort, to cheer, and to support the suffering; these are the glorious topics upon which we have to enlarge. And will these permit the tricks of oratory, or the studied beauties of eloquence? Shall truths and counsels like these be couched in terms which the poor and ignorant cannot comprehend? Let all eloquent preachers beware lest they fill any man's ear with sounding words, when they should be feeding his soul with the bread of everlasting life. Let them fear lest, instead of honouring God, they honour themselves. If any man ascend the pulpit with the intention of uttering "a fine thing," he is committing a deadly sin. Remember, however, that there is a medium, and that vulgarity and meanness are cautiously to be shunned; but while we speak with propriety and chasteness, we cannot be too familiar or too plain.—*Henry Kirke White's Letters*.

**TYPHOID OR ENTERIC FEVER.**—In districts otherwise healthy, this disease is one of the most fatal both to grown-up people and children. It is almost invariably caused by the use of impure drinking water. In the Registrar-General's health reports, village after village is referred to in terms similar to this:—"After an unusual period of drought a sudden rise in the water level of the wells occurred through excessive rainfall at a particular date, denoting a long-delayed scouring of the filth in the soil into the water sources. Ten days after enteric fever broke out in the village, and in two months, in a population of 900, it attacked at least 300 and killed 41." Again, "At Nunney, a village in Somersetshire, having a population of 832, Dr. Ballard records 76 cases of enteric fever as occurring in four months. The cases were limited in a remarkable way to families who obtained their water supply from a small rivulet which received the sewage of several houses up stream, and among them of the house in which the first case of enteric fever happened." The typhoid epidemic in London during the autumn was traced to impure water in the milk.

**MIRAMAR, THE PALACE OF THE LATE ARCHDUKE MAXIMILIAN.**—A couple of miles from Trieste is the Palace of Miramar, designed and built for himself by the late Archduke Maximilian. It is surely one of the loveliest spots on earth. Standing on a platform of rock which juts out into the Adriatic, it commands magnificent views, on the one side, across the gulf to the deeply indented bays and picturesque mountains of Istria. On the other side an amphitheatre of hills encloses an area of gardens orange groves, orchards, and vine-

yards, dominated by a range of snowy peaks, glittering against the deep blue of a southern sky. The interior of the palace is worthy of its surroundings. It everywhere gives the impression of lavish expenditure, guided and controlled by exquisite taste, whilst amidst all there is an air of domestic happiness and home life. One or two of the rooms are exact reproductions, on an enlarged scale, of the cabins of the Novara frigate, which he commanded on her famous scientific voyage round the world. The library, which remains exactly as he left it when sailing on his ill-starred expedition to Mexico, has on either side the doorway a marble bust of Homer and of Shakespeare. It contains a collection of the choicest literature in half-a-dozen languages, Greek, Latin, German, French, Italian, and English. Conspicuous amongst the latter is Kinglake's "History of the Crimean War." That it was bought by the Archduke is evident from the bookseller's label, and a note of the price paid for it inside the cover. That it has been diligently read is no less clear, for many of the sheets have become detached from the binding, and hang loosely within the covers. As the shadow of impending disaster grew darker around the unhappy couple during the protracted agony of those last months in Mexico, how often and how bitterly must their thoughts have turned to this happy home by the sea. In reply to my question whether any members of the imperial family ever occupied the palace, the *custode* said, "No, signor, it is too triste. They often visit it, but only to mourn the fate of the noblest and best-beloved of their family."

**JUAN FERNANDEZ.**—It is curious to contrast the case of Alexander Selkirk, who was left for some years on the Island of Juan Fernandez, with that of a Mosquito Indian mentioned in Dampier's voyages, who was also left (but by accident) on the very same island for about as long a time. The savage cheerfully exercised all the little ingenuity possessed by his tribe in providing himself with such implements, clothing, and habitation as he had been accustomed to, and was found living in much the same style as prevails among the nation of Indians. The European was overwhelmed with melancholy, and seems scarcely to have exerted any of his powers.—*Note in Whately's Political Economy, Lecture VIII.*



## Sonnets of the Sacred Year.

BY THE REV. S. J. STONE, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE KNIGHT OF INTERCESSION," "THE THANKSGIVING HYMN," ETC.

### SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

"Patience and comfort of the Scriptures."—Rom. xv. 4.

THE time draws on: the dread sweet day is near:

So for Thy graces, Paraclete, we plead,  
For powers of work and waiting, in our need,  
Patience and Comfort—grace to persevere,  
And grace of sunshine amid doubt and fear.  
O that these twain may tend us: this, to speed  
On to devoted will and living deed  
Our languid pulses; that, to soothe and cheer.  
We need to hear Thy twofold music, Lord!  
This, stirring nobler life within the breast,  
That, softly singing of the final rest:  
The clarion and the harp notes of Thy Word.  
For souls that hear the trumpet and the song  
Can be in striving still, in stillness strong.